

LATEST
EXTRA

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WOUNDED BURGLAR A REAL RAFFLES OF DIME NOVEL BRAND

**Thomas Wandlass, Held in Passaic,
Was a Bright Sunday School Boy
in Brooklyn When He Left Weal-
thy Home to Become Crook.**

"SUPPER TRICK" WORKER LIVED HONEST ONE WEEK.

**Escaped Jail After Bride He Married There
Sent Him Saws and Files in Wedding
Cake—As "Shy Tommy" on Bowery
He Stole Goldfogle's Watch.**

GIRL "CHICKEN STALL" TELLS OF HER PART IN 22 BURGLARIES

**"Supper Trick" Worker's Pal Uses Thieves'
Lingo Freely—Learned Her Job Like a
"Wise Poodle" and Wasn't Timid.**

**MRS. WEBER HELD
"PRISONER," WALKS
OUT OPEN DOOR**

Wife of Prescott Weber Arrives Home at 2 in Morning After Escape.

Mrs. Martha Weber walked into her home at No. 212 West One Hundred and Ninth street at 2 o'clock this morning. Her husband, young Prescott Weber, son of a wealthy piano manufacturer, ceased raiding hotels and gambling houses throughout the Tenderloin when he received the news.

married. The message was interpreted before she could tell where she was. Mrs. Hoover, who said she engaged her maid her father forgot to lock the door on her.

With her husband she appeared in Jefferson Market Court today to testify against Lawrence, who was arrested by Weber himself on the steps of the Vienna Cafe, in Twenty-ninth street, near Broadway, last night. Two women who were taken to the station earlier said they had seen Mrs. Weber in the cafe earlier in the day and she seemed like anything but a girl in distress.

Dippy About Her.

"That is not so," Mrs. Weber said in court. "This is what happened: Jo-

Referring to herself as Thomas Wandlass's "chicken stall" and interspersing her narrative with thieves' lingo that would have baffled Josiah Flint, Jean Mitchell, the seventeen-year-old girl who was with Wandlass, also known as Hanley and Handel, when he was shot in the act of breaking into Contractor Tapley's home in Passaic, told in the Passaic jail to-day to a reporter for The Evening World an astonishing story of how she had participated in twenty-two burglaries within the last two months.

She told her story with a pert flippancy that was amazing in one who had been raised on a Canadian farm and had never seen a big city until a year ago. Looking like a pretty child with her hair up, she seemed not to have a nerve in her body. If she has suffered a twinge of conscience since she engaged in the dangerous profession of a burglar's assistant she did not manifest the least symptom of it. Slight and delicate as a schoolgirl, she has a clear complexion with a big nose underneath that comes and goes, not as a bluenose, but as a manifestation of perfect health.

Unconcerned About Pal.

When told that Wandell had less than an even chance to recover her brown eyes did not express the slightest emotion. She said "Too bad" as she mechanically ate her "Good morning" then turned to Sgt. Benjamin Turner of the Passaic police force and said "Have you got all my guns and hats in the trunk" though she knows it is not likely that she will wear them out of prison for several years.

She got lied calmly and dispassionately yesterday through an ordeal of five hours waiting.

Then confronted with two spitkops "Oh, oh, and a trumpet of the



JEAN MITCHELL

claiming that has been worn by herself and Wandell on their various "trips," she suddenly burst out:

"Well, as long as you've got the stuff and Jim's covered I might as well blow it. I'll tell you what I saw. I'll tell you the 'confession.' Then as the detectives took her statement down she told how she and met Wandell in Boston, 'fell for him' and joined him in the most dangerous profession that either man or woman can adopt. In more detail she said:

"One day,

"Jim was the smoothest and clearest man I ever met. He never concealed a thing from me from the first, and when he told me what he was doing and the value he brought him in I was game. He was a devil-may-care sort, what you call a 'surfer.' He'd start out in the afternoon for a flash bang and pull in a wide window while the people in the house were eating.

he played me up in an evening gown and a big feather headdress. The bulls all gave us the low blow and never once did any of them tumble to our trick.

"Was I kind about it? Not a bit. I learned my lesson like a wise woman, and I pulled Jim out of half a dozen tight places. The very first time I went out with him he had to use his gun and I had to spill a faint to make a safe get-away.

"That was in Boston, and Jim had picked up on a little street in Beacon street, where they had long dinners, I was all floored out in a new black velvet dress and looked some broken and nervous. We passed a line on storks, bulls in Beacon street and a lot of other things. I was all right. Then turned down the side street to slough our make into a hole.

The burglar who was shot in the act of robbing a house in Passaic, N. J., Thursday evening while a pretty young girl stood guard in the street is a Raffles in real life. He is a thief from choice, for his mother, a wealthy and respected resident of Brooklyn, has made un-availing efforts to reform him.

Some twelve years ago this burglar was commander of the Boys' Brigade at the Bushwick Avenue Baptist Church in Brooklyn. He was a winner of prizes in Sunday school, a quick and apparently ambitious scholar and a leader in sports.

His mother lays his downfall to dime novels. The Sunday school boy suddenly developed criminal instincts, ran away from home and made his way to the slums of thieves in the slums of Manhattan.

He has a wife and a five-year-old baby living. The wife was Mazie Coyle, "the belle of Monroe



WANDLASS - OR
JAMES HANLEY

street." He married her in Charlestown prison while he was serving a term for burglary, and she smuggled saws and files to him in a wedding cake which she was allowed to bring into the jail at the time of the ceremony. The saws and files enabled him to escape, but he was recaptured and served out his term.

"Kid" Howard in Underworld.

The burglar is registered in the books of St. Mary's Hospital in Kansas as Thomas Hanley. His real name is "Thomas Waadlaas. In the underworld he is known as "Kid" Howard. For the past ten years he has been seen but twice by his mother, who is now Mrs. F. F. Fisher, of No. 298 Cumberland street, Brooklyn.

This burglar from choice is a man of education and ideas. According to his